

MY ADAMS FAMILY STORY

1849 - 1969

Written at intervals, 1964 - 1969, at Dune Acres, Indiana

Olga Adams

by Olga Adams

*For the
Livingston County
Historical Library*

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PART I

THE BEGINNING OF THE FAMILY AS IT IS KNOWN TO ME, OLGA ADAMS

This Story begins with my grandparents, Robert Clinton Adams and Adelaide Eliza Field. Most of it was told me by my grandmother. Would that I had asked her for more. Her daughter, my Aunt Cora Adams, added her memories after Grandmother died. Grandfather Adams, "Clint," died in 1892 at the age of sixty-four years and Grandmother Adams in 1920 at the age of eighty-two. They died in Dwight, Illinois, and are buried in the Dwight Cemetery. Many items of source history mentioned in this Story will be found at the end of the manuscript.

My stories go back to the time preceding the marriage (in 1855) of Robert Clinton Adams and Adelaide Eliza Field. Both were born in the area of Watertown, New York. Grandfather was born at Adams Center, a few miles out of Watertown, on a farm. He had four brothers. Unfortunately, I know very little of his family and have neither letters nor pictures of them. I have understood that our Adams branch is known, in the history of the Adams family, as the "Watertown Branch," one of four main branches in the United States. It is not the "Massachusetts Branch" of the Adams Presidents. The Adams family in the United States has its antecedents in England.

When Grandfather was in his twenties he set out with an older brother in an overland stage coach for California. The gold rush of '49 was luring them west for adventure. For some reason they became dissatisfied with stage coach travel and took a boat down the Mississippi, crossed over to the Isthmus of Panama, from which point many gold seekers were going on to the Pacific Ocean on their way up to San Francisco. I presume that the two Adams brothers joined others in this change of route.

All apparently went well until they got to Panama. There Grandfather contracted malaria and became too ill to travel. A native family took the brothers into their home. Grandfather's brother stayed with him for a few days. It then became evident that it would be a long time before Grandfather would be well enough to travel, so his brother went on alone. The family with whom Grandfather stayed spoke no English and he no Spanish, but Grandfather later said that he had good care. He ate practically nothing but oranges and in a month was able to resume his travels.

I have a notion that "'49ers" were coming through that passage constantly. The ticket for the last lap of Grandfather's voyage, aboard the "Pacific Steamship Sarah Sands" is dated January 8, 1850 and is shown with other documents and pictorial items at the close of the Story. The ticket is not issued in Grandfather's name but I recall that he bought it from someone else when he was able to continue his journey and paid one hundred and fifty dollars for it.

Grandfather rejoined his brother in San Francisco early in 1850. I do not know why they did not become prospectors in search for gold. All I know is that the two brothers played in a band, probably in some dance hall. Grandmother told me that Grandfather could play any band instrument and whenever I see a "Western" with a dance hall or saloon, I look for Grandfather.

Grandfather stayed in California a year or two until he evidently had satisfied his desire for adventure and had accumulated enough money from band playing to set out on another venture. So he went back East, via stage coach. An old-time Dwight resident has said, "Clint Adams didn't make all his money playing in a band in California. He was sharp with the card boards." There is no rumor as to how quick he was on the draw. His brother settled in California, but at what work I do not know.

Be that as it may, on his first trip west to join the gold rush, Grandfather had been much impressed by the farm land in Illinois and perhaps talked with government land agents there. After sojourning in California for a couple of years he may have come to think that farming in Illinois held far better prospect for good living than mining in California and that Illinois land was more promising than the soil of western New York State. Returning east, when he got to Illinois, having heard that the Alton Railroad was being built from Chicago to St. Louis, he bought two sections of land in Livingston County near Dwight, Illinois, for \$1,600.00. The receipt for this transaction was dated July, 1853 and signed by C. H. Gould. Mr. Gould was one of the early founders of Dwight. There is a document from the County Clerk at Pontiac, Illinois, testifying to this purchase, identifying the exact location of the sections, and stating that "there is not any encumbrance thereon which appears to me of record in my office." Both of these documents are shown at the close of the Story. A certificate, No. 14,149, issued later and dated March 1, 1855, was signed by President Franklin Pierce. It is for one section only. It is also shown at the close of the Story. A like certificate for the other section has been lost. It is interesting to note that the price, \$1,600.00, paid for these sections amounted to \$1.35 per acre whereas now, one hundred years later, this same land sells for \$500 to \$600 per acre.

After applying for his patent in 1853 and paying for these two sections, Grandfather went back to Watertown, New York. I do not know whether he had met

Adelaide Eliza Field before he went to California or not and of course I wish that I had asked Grandmother more questions about this. She did tell me that there was gay social life at Sackett's Harbor, near her home, and although Adams Center might have been some ten or fifteen miles away, Grandfather found his way there. I'll leave him there courting Grandmother while I tell what I know of her background.

Adelaide Eliza Field was born at East Hounsfield near Sackett's Harbor, New York, in 1838. She had one sister, Lenore, and two brothers, Ed and Will. Her father was Hezekiah Field, and her grandfather, Lebbeus Field, was a Christian minister. Lebbeus had left Windsor, Vermont, in 1817, traveled a bit west, and bought a farm in Hounsfield, New York. The Field farm house still stands, or did a few years ago. Helen Adams Garber, my sister, and her husband, John, visited the farm house on September 14, 1958. A picture of the farm house is shown at the end of the Story.

My Aunt Cora Adams loved to tell these stories about her grandfather, Hezekiah Field. There either was a Congregational Church on the Field farm or the Field family built one, and her grandfather preached there every Sunday for fifty years without a "cent of pay." He also built a "dry-stone wall," typical of New York farms, all around the twenty-acre farm, after he was seventy years old.

Grandmother, called "Ad" by her family, learned early all the arts of sewing and cooking and perhaps even weaving, for there were linen sheets, tablecloths and blankets from this farm still in use in my memory. Sheep were apparently the chief product. But I'm sure Grandmother had a gay time growing up too. She told me that no well dressed young girl ever went to the dances without wearing at least four stiffly starched petticoats.

After the courting days of Grandfather and Grandmother, they were married at Sackett's Harbor in 1855 when Grandfather was twenty-eight years old and Grandmother seventeen. This Story is prefaced by a picture of them, a daguerreotype made on their wedding day. Grandmother's bonnet was faced with pink roses and she said it was beautiful. They set out immediately, traveling by train from Watertown to Chicago and then to Dwight, Illinois, via the Chicago and Alton Railroad which had very recently been completed. Grandmother said that they took many household goods, including two large feather beds and a small rocker which Aunt Cora later gave to her niece and nephew, Adelaide and Charles Adams. When Grandfather and Grandmother arrived in Dwight, they could not find a place to live while the farm house was being built about seven miles from town and so were housed on the second floor of the new Alton Railroad station. That location always seemed most intriguing to me.

There was much to be done before Grandfather and Grandmother could move out to the land which Grandfather had bought from the government. It was virgin prairie, entirely uncultivated. There were house, barn and other facilities to be built, a well to be dug, the farmyard to be fenced, farm machinery to be bought, horses and other livestock to be acquired, just to name the major necessities. I do not know how long they stayed in Dwight over the station but I do know that Grandmother had an important part in the preparations. There was a long stretch of swamp land that had to be crossed to reach the farm. There was a mud road, perhaps corduroy, through the swamp, and the horse flies were terrible for beast and man. Grandmother made entire coverings of burlap for the horses, including even head and legs, in order to make driving possible. I'm sure that she also did some quilting; perhaps some of the old quilts which I now have were made at that time. I suspect that she was also getting ready for her first baby.

After a year of preparation while living in the station in Dwight, they moved to the farm and babies came quite soon and regularly. Grandmother never told me much about this but did say that neighbors, living a mile or so away, were good to them and a doctor would drive out from Dwight when needed. At one time, Grandfather was hurt by some farm machinery and Grandmother rode several miles on horseback for help.

Grandfather evidently spent most of his money earned and saved in California for the buying of the land, traveling back East, getting married, and going to Illinois with a wife and household possessions. He needed more to prepare the land and equip the farm for use. Two "Abstracts of Title" give evidence of financial aid from several sources, among them aid from his nephew, Tilly Adams, of Watertown, New York, the son of one of his four brothers. Again, these can be seen with the other documents. Grandmother mentioned Tilly Adams, but I can recall nothing specific. Tilly's sister, Jeannette Adams, visited us in Dwight several times when I was a child. She was a very attractive, beautifully dressed young woman, near Aunt Cora's age. She had curly light red hair about like Aunt Cora's and mine. Red hair has evidently come down on both sides of the Adams and Field families. Jeannette was a physical education teacher in the Watertown High School and an excellent one. She fascinated me as a child. And now Cynthia Adams, Grandmother's only great granddaughter, reminds me of Jeannette both in appearance and personality.

Eventually Grandfather got the prairie land broken up and planted to corn and grain. It must have taken him several years to get his entire acreage under cultivation. Grandmother helped in this and she told me how she managed to work in the fields and care for the babies. Nell Adams was born in 1856, Edwin in 1859, and Herbert, my father, in 1861. She would take the three

children to a corner in the field, tie each one to the fence, put a big umbrella over them and go about her task of planting or cultivating. She rounded up at the fence corner regularly. She did not have to do this after Nell was old enough to mind the babies a little.

Grandmother was a most resourceful person of vigor, fearlessness, initiative and manual skills, but she was always feminine. She was small and beautiful, with curly red hair and blond complexion. She told me that in the early days on the farm she never went out the kitchen door without a hoe to protect against rattlesnakes. She had a small dog too that protected them. He would kill a rattler whenever he found one and was usually bitten in the process. A mud hole was kept near the well and the dog would bury himself in the mud until all the poison had been drawn out. He would then emerge his natural size. I imagine that Grandmother took this dog along whenever she and the children went to the field.

A sharp outlook was always maintained for prairie fires. When one appeared on the horizon, all helped in plowing a wide strip of ground around all farm buildings. These fires came very rapidly, but the buildings were never lost, although crops were sometimes burned.

The most thrilling story Grandmother ever told me was about a pre-Civil War experience. It was in 1861 when the men were enlisting and there was prospect of drafting. Inasmuch as the country needed farm products, farmers, especially those with families, were to be exempt. Grandfather came in this group but he had to go to Springfield to get his exemption papers. This meant leaving Grandmother alone with three babies, Nell, Edwin, and Herbert, who was an infant under one year of age. Grandfather was unwilling to leave all the work to my Grandmother and there were no neighbors who could help her regularly. She was sure she could manage for four or five days but Grandfather said that as he went through Dwight he would send a man back to do barn work. And Grandfather set out.

Later in the day, Grandmother said, a sad looking man came down the road and into the driveway. He was to be the "help." Grandmother went to the barn to show him what his tasks were. She then came into the house, got his supper, and showed him his downstairs sleeping quarters. She did not like his appearance or his behavior so she fed the children and retired with them to an upstairs bedroom with Grandfather's gun. She locked the door and sat beside a window all night, ready for any emergency. At sunrise she was rewarded. She saw her "hired help" walking down the road toward Dwight wearing Grandfather's winter overcoat. Never was there a more welcome sight! So Grandmother "managed" all right until Grandfather returned some five days later exempt from war service.

Grandmother and Grandfather Adams lived on the farm for perhaps fifteen years. I know that Grandmother's mother visited her there at least once, at the time my father was born in 1861. She and Grandmother pieced and quilted a beautiful quilt of basket design at that time. I still have and use that quilt. Aunt Cora was born on the farm in 1869. One of her best stories was of one of her early childhood experiences, about which she had often been told. It was that of falling into a well, fifteen feet down to the water, when she was two or three years old. A board went down with her and Grandmother was able to get Cora to understand that she must hold onto it until Grandfather came. He put a ladder down the side of the well until it reached the water, fastening it at the top with a cross-board. The cross-board held and down he went until he could reach Cora and lift her into his arms. And all was well.

There were seven children born to Grandmother and Grandfather. Two girls died in infancy, Nora in 1865 and Gertie in 1870. Both are buried in the Dwight cemetery. I believe the death of the two girls may have been a factor in deciding to leave the farm. I know that Grandmother was not well after these deaths and was very sad. I believe that the move, to Dwight, with the four living children, took place in the early seventies. Charlie, the youngest of the Adams family, was born in Dwight in 1876.

Even after moving into town, Grandfather continued to supervise the work on the farm and he was then in his early forties. Both he and Grandmother took part in church and town activities. She was president of the Ladies' Aid of the Congregational Church as far back as I can remember. She was a most able organizer of its activities and a wonderful sewer. The Annual Bazaar was known for miles around. Grandfather was the leader of the town band and I suspect that this took him back to the "49er days." He had the most famous band in the countryside. One of Grandmother's good stories was of Ed, their oldest boy. The Adams home caught fire from an oil stove and Grandmother sent him, a youngster then, downtown to get Grandfather who was directing band practice. Grandmother got the fire out before Ed came back. When she demanded the reason for his delay, he said: "I had to wait until the band finished the piece it was playing."

Another story told me by Grandmother was about a most frightening experience with an illness of the "hired girl." The girl came back one night from visiting her family in the country saying that she was ill. Grandmother said she took one look at the girl and feared the worst. Smallpox had been reported in the area. She put the girl to bed in the back room and sent immediately for Dr. Keeley, the originator of the famous Keeley Cure. He confirmed Grandmother's fear and planned with her how to take care of the girl there. They soaked sheets in the kind of disinfectant used at that time, hung them all around the bed and of course locked the bedroom door against all but

Grandmother and the doctor. Both wore special gowns and masks when they went into the room. Grandmother gave the girl all the care she and the doctor knew, but it was a terrible type of smallpox -- black smallpox it was called then -- and the girl died in twenty-four hours.

Then came the care of the room. All bedding was burned including the feather bed and mattress. All walls, woodwork and furniture were washed thoroughly with disinfectant. Grandmother had most of this to do because neighbors were afraid to expose themselves. I am sure Grandfather helped some. Grandmother did not speak about vaccination. It was certainly used in that day, around 1880, but perhaps not generally in rural areas. Grandmother concluded the story to me with a sigh and said, "No one in our family caught the dread disease but many Dwight and countryfolk did before the terrible epidemic was checked." The dead included several members of the hired girl's family. Most victims of smallpox who did not have a dedicated person to care for them were sent to the "pest house," but Grandmother would not consent to this. I include this story and reference to a "pest house," although it is ancient history now, because it reveals Grandmother's character.

So much for the early life of Grandfather and Grandmother Adams with their five children. In the next part of this story I shall follow the life of each child as I have known it.

PART II

STORIES OF THE FIVE ADAMS CHILDREN

Nell Adams (1856-1931)

Nell Adams, the oldest child, was a young woman when the family moved from the farm to Dwight. She looked like Grandmother with her curly red hair and fair complexion but she did not have Grandmother's health and vigor. She early married Charlie Baker, the local druggist who had come to Dwight from the East. He was a striking looking young man with fiery black eyes and a flowing black mustache. He was a great player of elaborately planned pranks on town folk, especially those whom he did not like or who had crossed him in any way. He had the kind of drive that promised success in business. He studied telegraphy and managed the local telegraph office. He soon went to Chicago to work for Western Union and later for the Postal Telegraph Company, rising rapidly in the ranks. When he retired in 1921 he was vice president and supervisor of construction. He died in 1941 at the age of 86, a wealthy man.

Nell was a gentle, kindly person who managed to live with Charlie Baker, partly because she treasured peace at any price and therefore did not cross him. He could also be generous and most charming when so inclined and there was money for affluent living. Charlie had great pride in his family and Nell always dressed beautifully. They lived for many years at the Chicago Beach Hotel which was one of the fine hotels on the south side of Chicago, built following the World's Fair of 1892-93. How I loved to visit them there.

There was one child of this marriage, Adelaide Baker, who was one of the most beautiful persons I have ever seen. She had her father's fiery disposition and certainly did not hesitate to battle with him. She married Ranney Hilton against her father's wishes. He thought Ranney did not have enough money to support Adelaide "as she was accustomed to living" and he was right in this. One of the Funks of Bloomington, Illinois was Uncle Charlie's choice but not Adelaide's. This was my first romantic contact with two people greatly in love. I was very fond of them and thoroughly thrilled by it all. I was twelve years old when Adelaide and Ranney were married in 1898. This marriage had a sad ending sixteen years later in Ranney's death in an auto

accident and soon after that the death of Adelaide, of tuberculosis. They were living at that time in Phoenix, Arizona for Adelaide's health.

There were two children of this marriage, a son who died in infancy and a daughter, Nellama, who came to live with her grandmother and grandfather at the Chicago Beach Hotel after her mother's death in 1917. She was about twelve years old at that time. Later she married Robert Law of Chicago in an elaborate, formal wedding. This was a great satisfaction both to Aunt Nell and Uncle Charlie Baker.

Nell died a few years after her granddaughter's marriage in a lingering illness following a stroke. She was always very devoted to her Adams family and was a most bountiful aunt to me. Nellama's first marriage was not successful. She is now happily married to Gar Yates. They lived in San Juan, Puerto Rico, for several years and now live in Christiansted, St. Croix, in the Virgin Islands. Gar operates a successful business as a distributor of industrial equipment and supplies in Puerto Rico and in the Virgin Islands.

Nellama inherited her grandmother's portion of the original Adams farm and it has now been sold. Nell and Charlie Baker, their daughter Adelaide, and, I think, Ranney Hilton are buried in Oak Lawn Cemetery in Chicago. This family is thus brought up to date.

Edwin Adams (1859-1887)

Edwin, the second Adams child, was a young boy when the family moved from the farm to Dwight. He went to school there and later to the University of Illinois for a short bit of college education. His marriage to Elizabeth Baker (always called Lizzie) may have terminated this schooling. These Bakers were early residents of Dwight. Charlie Baker, who married Nell Adams, was not related to them. Ed and Herbert, my father, were apparently married about the same time (about 1885) and went into business together in Blackstone, Illinois, a very small country town of about 100 inhabitants. It is about fifteen miles west of Dwight. The store was rightly called a "general store" and "general" it was supplying practically all the needs of the residents and the countryside.

Ed and Lizzie had two children, Ethel and Harry, both born in Blackstone. Ethel died of scarlet fever as a child. Ed was killed in 1887 in a terrible train wreck at Chatsworth, Illinois. Some eighty persons lost their lives. A newspaper account of this wreck is shown at the close of the Story. Aunt Lizzie and her two children came back to Dwight to live with her family, the Nathaniel Bakers.

Harry, her son, grew up in Dwight and later married Daisy Wilson, a girl from Mt. Pulaski, Illinois. After trying one kind of business and another in Dwight, Harry and Daisy moved to Los Angeles, California, having been lured there by the possibilities in real estate, which was booming in the early 1920's. Harry was very successful in the first few years but lost practically everything in the crash of 1929 and '30 including the farm which he had inherited from his grandfather's estate. He died soon after that. There were no children of this marriage. Daisy continued to live in Los Angeles after Harry's death, but living alone was hard for her and she broke under it. She gave up ties with all of us, including good Dwight friends. We do not know how long she lived. She had some relatives in Los Angeles, but we didn't know them.

Thus ends the family of Edwin Adams.

Herbert Field Adams (1861-1926)

Herbert Field Adams, the third child of the Clint Adams family, grew to adulthood in Dwight and married Mary Bradford in 1885. Mary had recently moved with her parents from Dwight to Verona, a nearby town. These were my parents -- Father, twenty-one years of age, and Mother, eighteen years, at the time of their marriage. I was their first child, born March 5, 1886. A year later my sister, Catherine, was born. Father and Mother had moved to Blackstone, Illinois, shortly before I was born, Father to go into business in a general store with his brother Ed. Father was an enthusiastic hunter in his Blackstone days. Prairie chickens were plentiful. He kept two good hunting dogs and often guided men from Chicago on hunting expeditions. I remember the dogs, Jack and Fritz.

In February 1890 my sister died of meningitis, called "sleeping sickness" at that time, and in August my mother died of "inflammation of the bowels." This is now known as appendicitis. An eminent surgeon was perfecting an operation for this in Chicago, but there was neither time nor transportation to get him to Blackstone.

Father's life certainly was tragically broken into pieces. At Mother's request, I went to live with her family, my Bradford grandparents in Verona, Illinois. Father sold the store in Blackstone and went back to Dwight to live with his mother. In 1891 my Bradford family moved to Joliet, Illinois, and this is where I grew up.

In 1894 Father married a second time, Bess Huey of Dwight, and there were two children, Helen born in 1894 and Forrest in 1896. In 1906 when it was time for me to go to college, Grandmother Adams again stood by, as she had

done so many times in my life. The Bradford family had very limited means, and although they and Father helped, it was Grandmother Adams' money for the most part that financed my two years of teacher training in Kindergarten Primary Education at the University of Chicago.

I returned to Joliet in 1908 to teach first grade and then kindergarten in its public schools at the beginning salary of \$900 a year. I continued to teach there until 1920.

With the guidance of Father on monthly budgeting, by 1920 I had saved enough money to return to the University of Chicago to complete four years of education for the Ph. B. degree. Father counseled me in great detail about budgeting and saving regularly and said that if I could do it I would be the first Adams who ever did. Grandmother Adams said, "Why did you spoil a good piece of advice by adding that last remark!"

I received my Ph. B. in 1924, but before that, in 1921, I was appointed to the position of kindergarten teacher in the Laboratory School of the Department of Education, University of Chicago. I continued my studies and received my M. A. degree in 1932. I taught in the kindergarten and in the School of Education for thirty years. I retired in 1952 after a full life of very satisfying professional experience. I have great affection for the children whom I taught, for their families, and for the young students in whose teacher education I had a part.

Father and his second family had moved to Springfield, Illinois, in 1905, where he went into the office of the Internal Revenue Collector. This was a very satisfying experience for him and he remained there until he retired just a few years before his death. Helen and Forrest, my half-sister and half-brother, grew up in Springfield. Helen married John Garber in 1925, two and one-half years before Father's death.

It gave Bess and Father considerable pleasure to give Helen and John a very nice noon wedding. It was held in the Congregational Church in Springfield where the family was active. There followed a very fine bridal luncheon at the Leland Hotel. I was greatly pleased to have Helen invite me to be her maid of honor, the only attendant that she had. John was a professionally trained road engineer, a graduate of Pennsylvania State University. After their marriage he and Helen went to the East and South, and later to Missouri, wherever the job called. Finally they moved back to Springfield and John's work has continued to keep him in that area.

Forrest married Lorena Meeds in 1942. He continued to live in Springfield until he died in 1954. Bess, the mother of Helen and Forrest, died in 1947.

Father was a quiet person, not very articulate in the expression of his feelings but deep in his affections. He was well liked by his associates. He had an innate fondness for mechanical vehicles. He owned a high wheel bicycle in his youth and then one of the first "safety" bicycles of Dwight (twin-wheeled). He belonged to the Century Club who members, to qualify, had to ride a hundred miles in one day. He met this requirement when he rode to Joliet and back to see me, some fifty miles each way, on unpaved country roads. My recollection of those visits is of sitting beside my father as he took his bicycle apart to clean it and of being allowed to hold the ball bearings while he did so. Then followed a hurried dinner and his departure for Dwight in the early afternoon. These were exciting days for me. Later, Father bought a tandem bicycle and all of us had good rides on it. I spent all my vacations in Dwight in the early years, living in Grandmother Adams' home but seeing much of my father's second family. When that family moved to Springfield, I visited there.

One of Father's early automobiles was a one-cylinder Cadillac, bought in 1905 for \$500. His entire family made a memorable trip from Springfield to Dwight, a distance of 126 miles, on a summer day in 1909. All five of us were properly clad in "dusters" and the ladies swathed in veils. These were necessary for the top of the auto had to be down to increase the speed by decreasing wind resistance, and there was no windshield. We left Springfield at 5:30 a. m. on a day in which the weather bureau promised no rain and dry roads. We had just two miles of gravel road out of Bloomington. All the rest was dirt road. Father did all the driving and reflected the strain of the venture by smoking constantly, alternating a cigar and pipe, and swearing under his breath although he was characteristically not a profane man. In this distance of 126 miles our main guides were the four-arm telephone poles along the old Alton Railroad.

We did not get out of the car to eat, and made only necessary stops at rural school houses. We arrived in Dwight at 9:00 p. m., 126 miles and 15, 1/2 hours later, entirely worn out and burned almost to a crisp, but happy in accomplishment, especially Father. The car had great difficulty in climbing the hills around Bloomington and we got out, one by one, to push, Father, the last one out guiding from the road. We have Kodak pictures of this famous car and its occupants which are shown at the end of the Story.

Father continued to take great satisfaction in the constant improvement of automobiles. He remained loyal to Cadillacs almost to the end of his life. After moving to Springfield he took up golf and played a fairly good game for a man in his sixties.

He was an early owner of a Victrola (cylinder type Victor Gramaphone) and later greatly enjoyed the radio, especially baseball news. In his youth Father

had been a member of a semi-professional baseball team in the Dwight area. He played short-stop. As far back as I can remember, he was an ardent White Sox fan, knowing all team members, their salaries, their batting averages and their ages. Listening to games was his great joy, especially after he retired from office work. How he would have loved TV!

Although he was not an aggressive man and not a so-called "money-maker," my father maintained a good home for his family. He had many interests, as the foregoing story reveals, and many friends. He lived a good life according to his desires, after its tragic beginning. He died after a very short illness of influenza and resultant heart failure in the spring of 1926 at the age of sixty-six. He is buried in the Dwight cemetery, as are my mother, my own sister Catherine, and Father's second wife, Bess.

Father had inherited some 200 acres of the original Adams farm. He, like his father Clint, had not made a will and therefore when Father died the estate was settled as the law provided. The law gave the widow the use of the property during her lifetime, to be divided on her death among the surviving children. Bess died in 1947 and an eventual division of the 200 acres was then made among my father's three children, Helen, Forrest, and me. The property may have been divided on paper, but physically it was all one piece and Forrest insisted that it be sold. Helen and I finally agreed. None of us could manage it. We did not live in Dwight and could not supervise the management by an agent. I suppose the sale was wise, but Helen and I hated to see the farm go out of the Adams family. A member of the Henry F. Siedentop family bought the farm from us, paying the then current price of \$160 an acre. The Siedentops and the Applegates lived in Blackstone at the time my father was in business there and those families are still among the prosperous land owners in that area.

The story of the Herbert Field Adams branch of the Robert Clinton Adams family ends here, with Helen and her husband, John Garber, living in Springfield, and with me living in Dune Acres, Indiana.

Cora E. Adams (1869-1952)

Cora Eloise Adams, born on the farm in 1869, grew up in Dwight and lived there most of her adult life. She attended the Female Seminary in Oxford, Ohio, in 1886. She was there for a year. Several other young women, daughters of the first families of Dwight, were her classmates, and a picture of this group is shown at the close of the Story. Adelaide Baker, Nell's daughter, also attended this school.

Cora never married. There were several romances in her early life, neither of which culminated in marriage. I do not know why. She did mention the names of two men whom she might have married but told me little more than "Mother didn't want me to marry." All this may have been developing while Grandfather Adams was ill for nine months. I have always understood that this long illness, which resulted in loss of sanity, was caused by a sunstroke which happened to him while he was roofing a farm building. He was cared for at home during all this long time, requiring the help of a male nurse for part of the time.

Grandmother developed a rheumatic heart difficulty during this terrible time, and I surmise she felt that she could not spare her daughter. Cora was the weaker of two strong characters, and she stayed at home under Grandmother's dominant personality. This domination reflected itself all through Cora's later life. "Mother did it this way," "Mother said," and so on. It was hard for her to exercise her own judgment even after Grandmother died. She had had too little practice.

As a child, Cora was most attractive with a mass of bright red curls, but as she grew older her features became sharper, and she considered herself a very homely person although she retained her beautiful curly red hair which softened to white when she became old.

She was a talented person. She studied music with a famous Chicago piano teacher, gave piano lessons to many Dwight children, and played the Congregational Church organ for many years. She also played and led the singing in early Sunday morning chapel services maintained for "Keeley Cure" patients. She generally supported all musical activities in Dwight. She was skilled in sewing, especially in embroidery of various kinds. I have much evidence of this in quilts, linens, cross-stitch pieces, and other articles. All this she learned from Grandmother. She also learned thorough housekeeping tasks and cooking, always under Grandmother's guidance and direction.

I believe, however, that her greatest talent lay along dramatic lines. She was a perfect mimic, could speak in almost any dialect, and was a clever actress especially in humorous roles. She played leading parts in most of the dramatic activities of Dwight. I think she could have gone far in this area if she had had the will to do so. And Cora, in her later years, reflected rather tragically a frustrated life. She was not a very happy person although most people who knew her in these years did not sense this. She continued, after Grandmother's death in 1920, to lead an active life in church and Dwight Woman's Club activities.

She sold the big, old Adams home to Harry Adams, her nephew, soon after Grandmother's death and built a very attractive Dutch colonial home on an adjoining lot. That venture reflected Grandmother Adams' standards in time of farm plenty, and Cora's lack of judgment in the early depression days. Everything had to be of the best, and money ran out before completion of the house. Father forever regretted that she did not consult him before building a new home. I have a notion that she was asserting her newly acquired independence. The 200-acre farm which Aunt Cora had inherited from the Adams estate had to be mortgaged and is not yet free of debt.

Aunt Cora lived in her own home for ten years. Then, in 1930, she could not withstand the financial crash and sold the home for about half of what she had spent on it. She then came to Chicago to live with Helen Brown and me. She adjusted very well, considering all the frustrations of her life, and really loved to be in Chicago, although most of her life had been spent in a small town. She especially enjoyed shopping at Marshall Field's, although her income was markedly limited. Grandmother's maiden name was Field, but we are not related to the Marshall Field family in so far as I know. We do have a connection with Cyrus Field who laid the cable across the Atlantic Ocean. Cora visited her Field relatives in the east regularly and also made several trips to California to visit family and friends in the west. She kept house efficiently and happily for Helen and me in our Chicago apartment for some fifteen years.

I hope there was a certain fulfillment in the last years of her life that compensated a little for earlier disappointments. She liked people and was usually liked by them because she was gay and full of jokes. She visited often in the home of her youngest brother, Charlie, and his wife, Cora Baker Adams, and was devoted to their son, Charles. Then, in turn, she was devoted to Charles' wife, Adelaide, and their two children, C.C. and Cynthia. I'm sure that both of them remember her happily. She was very fond of John Garber, the husband of my half-sister Helen. They had many good jokes together. She was quick on repartee, and had many good stories to tell.

In 1948 a heart condition made it necessary for Cora to leave our third floor apartment and to enter a Joliet hospital for treatment. When she was released, it was evident that she needed to be where she could have constant health care. She went into a nursing home in Joliet. She made heroic efforts to accept this life and didn't fuss. She visited in the Bradford home whenever I was in Joliet. She died quickly and without prolonged bed illness in November, 1952, at the age of eighty-three.

Aunt Cora willed her mortgaged farm, the last remaining tract of the original Adams farm, to her nephew, Charles Baker Adams, with the stipulation that

I have half-interest in the income of the farm as long as I live. Charles had the management of this farm during his lifetime, for which I was always thankful. He decided I should carry none of the farm expenses.

Cora Eloise Adams was mourned by the remainder of her many old-time Dwight friends. She is buried in the Adams plot of the Dwight Cemetery.

Charles Clinton Adams (1876-1946)

Charles Clinton Adams, the youngest of the Adams family, was born after Grandmother and Grandfather had moved from the farm into Dwight. As an infant he was not well. He had some skin difficulty, eczema, I believe. Grandmother was not well either at that time and the care of Uncle Charlie fell largely on Cora who was quite a young girl. Her best story of him was the way she had to put him to sleep. She either rocked him over a "bump" in the floor or pushed him in his baby buggy violently over a "bump" in the sidewalk, with Charlie crying loudly, "harder, harder, harder." Eventually both she and he were exhausted and he fell asleep. Her story may have gained intensity over the years. At any rate, Uncle Charlie survived, grew to handsome manhood, and married Cora Baker, a Dwight girl, in 1898. This Cora was of the Isaac Baker family. Isaac and Nathan were brothers, and Lizzie, Ed Adams' wife, and Cora were first cousins. Both Baker families were pioneers in Dwight. Uncle Charlie Baker (usually called C. M.) was not related to them.

There was a time when Charlie had a small mandolin and guitar factory, quite successful at first, at the edge of Dwight. This was at a time when such instruments were very popular, and Adelaide, their daughter-in-law, has one of these instruments. Father worked in the factory for a time and made a mandolin for me. Some young man, Nick Laufmark, I believe, interested Charlie in this venture. Nick had had his training in instrument-making in Sweden. Eventually the mandolin and guitar business came to an end, but Charlie continued in the music business. He and his sister Cora were the two Adams children who inherited Grandfather Adams' musical talent. Charlie, following in his father's footsteps, played in local bands and orchestras.

He also had much the same interest in mechanical vehicles as did his brother Bert, my father. He, too, rode a high wheeled bicycle. In 1902 Charlie and his wife Cora went to Chicago to buy a one-cylinder Oldsmobile. He drove it back to Dwight, some ninety miles, on unpaved roads, after one short lesson in driving! They stopped in Joliet and gave all members of the Bradford family, five of us, one at a time, a ride around a block or two. That was my first ride in an automobile. Needless to say, Uncle

Charlie was never without an automobile, but his wife Cora never learned to drive.

In 1903 Charlie and his wife moved to Peoria, Illinois, where he opened a music store. Their son, Charles Baker Adams, was born there in 1909. The Adams Music Store continued in business on Main Street in Peoria until recently, although it changed in character over the years. Taking over the Hammond Organ agency in connection with the music business was quite profitable. However, it was some time during one of his business ventures that he had to sell the farm which he had inherited from his father's estate.

Charlie was the most visionary and venturesome of the five Adams children. He was also the most demonstrative and was beloved by all of us. He was generous almost to a fault, because he did not have the wherewithal to indulge in this satisfaction. He was a genial, well-liked man, active in both the civic and social life of Peoria. He resembled his father in stature and coloring, a handsome six-footer. He and his wife made a large circle of friends there. He died in 1946 of a heart difficulty at the age of 70. He was buried in the Dwight Cemetery, as was his widow in 1961.

Returning to Uncle Charlie's consuming interest in automobiles, there is another trip worthy of recording in this Adams history. In 1919 he, his wife and nine-year-old son Chuck, planned a trip East and invited Grandmother, Aunt Cora, and me to go with them. Grandmother did not feel quite up to such an adventure, which was not in character for her, but she was then eighty years old. She did insist that Cora and I go, saying that she "could manage" alone.

At 5:00 a.m. one July morning the five of us set out in a seven-passenger Reo. It was an open car equipped with curtains which could be snapped on when it rained. Uncle Charlie was adamant about the amount and placement of luggage, and it was managed efficiently. It is hard to believe now the difficulties of travel at that time. We had state maps but no numbered roads on them. There were no number or mileage signs on the actual roads. We had a so-called guide book, but its information consisted of mileage and left or right turns at certain designated places such as country churches, schools, red barns, telephone poles with arrows on them. Schools served another important personal function, for as we traveled through the country there were no gas stations along the road at that time. All this was even before tourist homes. Many of our best tales were about the small town hotels with their rope ladder fire escapes.

We had no hard roads and only occasional gravel until we got into New York State. All through the East we had macadam roads of sorts. There was much road building everywhere and the endless detour signs added greatly

to our confusion and discomfort. The detours were not paved. But travel we did, gaily, for the most part. True, there were some heated arguments between Uncle Charlie and me as to directions and turns. The most memorable argument of the entire trip took place on our return home on a dark country road at midnight just outside of Bowling Green, Ohio. Uncle Charlie had recently bought a compass which he fastened on the dashboard of the car to aid him in following the general directions of our guide book. The two Coras and young Charles were asleep in the back of the car and I was sitting with Uncle Charlie to help in identifying possible roadside guides. We came to a crossroad and Uncle Charlie stopped suddenly and said, "We are going in the wrong direction; we should be going west and we are going exactly north according to the compass." We both got out of the car and looked about. It was a beautifully clear night and the stars were shining brightly. I looked for the Big Dipper and the stars in it which pointed to the North Star. I said, "No, Uncle Charlie, we are going west." "How do you know?" he asked in an argumentative tone. "I can tell by the way the Big Dipper points to the North Star, and there it is right up there in the north." "You can't tell me you can pick out any special star in all those millions of stars," said Uncle Charlie. I answered heatedly, "Yes, I can and I'll show you how I can tell," and I attempted to point out the seven stars in the Big Dipper and the North Star. Uncle Charlie was in no learning mood. "You say all of this in spite of the compass that indicates that we are going north." Mumbling under his breath at the "ridiculousness" of my stand, he went over to the car and pulled the compass out of it and brought it to the road and I was vindicated. The compass pointed to the North Star. Uncle Charlie went over to a nearby telegraph pole on the west side of the road and with the aid of a flashlight read a hastily printed sign, "Straight ahead to Bowling Green." With no more discussion we got back into the car and in a very short time came to Bowling Green. The two Coras had waked up at this heated argument. Fortunately they said nothing; they did not enter into it, but we heard a little giggle in the back seat. We stayed all night in a local Bowling Green hotel and set out for home the next morning. Nothing more was said about the compass and I did not see it again. I learned afterwards that a garage man told Uncle Charlie something in the engine of the car would pull the compass out of line. I don't believe Uncle Charlie ever mastered the identification of the North Star and we never discussed it.

We spent a day and night at Niagara Falls and then set out for Vermont and New Hampshire through the White Mountains, and then on to the historic environs of Boston. From there we drove to New York City where we stayed for several days in style at the St. George Hotel on Fifth Avenue. The highlight of our New York City stay was an evening performance of the Ziegfeld Follies. This, 1919, was one of the last years of the Ziegfeld super-productions with such famous stars as Will Rogers, Bert Williams, Fannie Brice, Eddie Cantor, W. C. Fields, and of course the gorgeously arrayed chorus girls.

The New York stop-over included a day at Coney Island. Uncle Charlie wanted me to swim in the Atlantic Ocean so I came prepared with a proper good-looking suit of the time, as I thought. It had short sleeves and knee-length knickers of mohair and was made by my Aunt Jess Bradford. I changed to the suit in our parked, curtained car and started toward the beach. There I was stopped by a guard who said that I could not appear on the beach without long black stockings and a skirt. What to do? Aunt Cora had the black stockings and we had a towel which I wrapped around myself. Walking closely between the two Coras I reached the water and went timidly into the ocean. Fortunately there was a rope on which to hold going out about fifteen feet, and thus I "swam" in the Atlantic Ocean. We all had a delicious shore dinner that evening and were introduced to a variety of sea foods which we loved.

From New York City we drove up the Hudson River, stopping at West Point, and then on across the state to Watertown, New York, where we visited for several days with relatives and friends, among them the Brayton Field family. We called on other friends all through the journey as long as Uncle Charlie's patience held out. We were daily amused by comments that Aunt Cora Adams tended to make as we drove through small towns in various states. "What town is this? I know a family from Dwight who moved here. I wonder if they still live here." Uncle Charlie would drive steadily through the town unmindful of the wistfulness in Aunt Cora's voice. One day while driving through a small town in New York State, Aunt Cora said "Charlie, Julia Gould moved here from Dwight some thirty years ago. Please drive slowly, I might see her sitting on one of these porches." Suddenly Cora said, "Stop, Charlie, there sits Julia Gould on that porch." Goodnaturedly Uncle Charlie stopped the car, backed up to the designated porch, and Cora jumped out of the car. Immediately there were surprised and affectionate greetings issuing from the porch. It was Julia Gould! The Gould and Adams families were old-time Dwight friends. We stopped and visited for a while and Aunt Cora's faith in identifying friends from the car was justified.

It was, withal, a thrilling adventure which even nine-year-old Chuck took very well. He remembered all of it and has filled in many details which I had forgotten. There was none of the monotony that some folks complain of these days on super-highways. Uncle Charlie did all of the driving. The Reo performed very well with not too many flat tires. It boiled a bit when going through mountain areas. This gave us time to stretch and take pictures, many of which are included at the end of this Story. I do not remember how many miles we drove, but we were gone for about five weeks.

Cora Adams and her son continued to live in Peoria after Uncle Charlie's death in 1946. Young Chuck (Charles Baker Adams) was a very beautiful curly headed, blonde baby, much photographed by all of us. He grew up to

be a charming boy, much beloved by all of his relatives and friends. He went to Peoria public schools. For some unaccountable reason he had difficulty in academic learning. He was very like his father in social affability and breadth of interests. He didn't have time to settle down to school routines. I always felt that he was not helped to face failure in daily work. Homework often was done for him by his devoted mother and father.

When college time came he was not sufficiently self-disciplined to carry college work successfully. With much characteristic enthusiasm he entered the University of Illinois where other friends were going, but again, could not meet the demands of daily learning. He did not stay at Illinois for more than two years. Finding it too difficult, he came home and went into various road construction jobs and finally became connected with a Peoria insurance business. On his father's death he took over the Adams Music Company. He was not a skilled musician as his grandfather and father had been, but he successfully maintained the business which still included the Hammond Organ agency.

Like his father, Chuck was interested in mechanical things. At this time it was flying. There was not enough money in his family for him to indulge to any extent in this pastime. I believe he did have a part ownership in an airplane at one time and took Aunt Cora Adams for her first flight. All during his lifetime Chuck had many most loyal friends and was meant to live a gay, happy, full life. He married a Peoria girl, Adelaide Stein, in 1937. It was a large, beautiful wedding, which Aunt Cora and I attended, the kind which Uncle Charlie and Aunt Cora Baker Adams loved. Chuck's mother graced the occasion, as she always did. She and her daughter-in-law were both beautiful blondes, as Adelaide still is today.

From this marriage came two children, Charles Clinton born in 1940 and Cynthia in 1945. They too grew up in Peoria. C.C., as he is called, went to Culver Military Academy for four years. There he became a member of the Black Horse Troop which paraded in Washington, D.C. at the Eisenhower inauguration in 1953. He completed his education at Bradley University in 1962 and was married the same year to Ann Moynan of Chicago, another lovely blonde. Again a beautiful church wedding in Chicago with a gay reception afterwards at the Sherman Hotel, culminating a college romance.

C.C. evidently got his first love of flying from his father and went into serious training for the Air Force following his years spent at Bradley. After earning his pilot's wings, C.C. now is a Captain in the Strategic Air Command. On July 7, 1963 twin daughters, Kimberly Ann and Carey Reid, were born to C.C. and Ann Adams. Brett Baker was born in 1966.

Charles Adams' daughter, Cynthia, excelling as she always did in academic subjects, became interested in sports at an early age and participated successfully in a variety of such activities, the most unusual of them being riflery. At seventeen she became a member of a nationally famous women's softball team, the Pekin (Illinois) Lettes. Following her high school graduation, Cynthia entered Illinois State University at Normal where she graduated with honors. There she prepared for a teaching career in physical education and is now teaching physical education in a Peoria high school and preparing for her Master's degree. As I noted earlier in this Story, I am reminded of her great aunt, Jeannette Adams, a physical education teacher in Watertown, New York. As a teen-ager, I greatly admired her style and vigor when she visited the Adams family in Dwight.

The fourth generation, C. C. and Cynthia, give definite evidence of following the illustrious heritage of their Adams great grandfather and great grandmother. C. C. resembles Robert Clinton in physique, coloring and disposition and is following a pioneer career, this time in aviation. Cynthia reflects Adelaide Eliza in her direction of purpose, high standards and steadfastness.

It is a little early to assess the inherited characteristics of the present three members of the fifth generation. They are gay, independent, sparkling, venturesome, full of the joy of living. In them the continuation of the Adams tradition seems promising.

PART III

CONCLUSION OF THE ADAMS FAMILY STORY

I would that I could draw a fuller picture of Grandfather Adams. Most of what I know about him came from Aunt Cora. I was eight years old when he died. I remember him playing Bezique, an old-time card game akin to Pinochle, with friends before he became ill, but I have only very faint memories of my personal contacts with him. Aunt Cora said that he was very gentle in speech and manner. Politically, he was an ardent Republican, a "Black Republican," I believe it is called, and was not restrained in his political comments. He was a handsome man, always well groomed. He was liked by Dwight folk and took an active part in the affairs of the town. His farm must have prospered under his supervision. He built one of the fine gabled Victorian homes of Dwight about 1880 at the corner of Chippewa and Washington Streets. A picture of this house is included in my Story. It was often called "The House of Seven Gables." Its appearance was changed when Harry Adams remodeled it in the 1920s.

When Grandfather died in 1892 at the age of sixty-four, the two sections of land which he had bought from the government in 1853 were entirely cultivated and free of debt. Grandfather left no will. I am vague as to the settlement of the estate, which was in accordance with Illinois law at that time. I understand that Grandmother received a third of the estate for her lifetime. Two-thirds was divided immediately among the five heirs -- Nell, Harry (Edwin's son), Herbert, Cora, and Charlie.

Grandmother was appointed administratrix. My father (Herbert) helped her and really carried the brunt of decisions which had to be made on divisions of the property. It took years from his life, I am sure, and added great bitterness. Charlie Baker insisted upon, and got, the best part of the land for his wife Nell and for Harry Adams for whom he was guardian. Father was unwilling to see Cora and Charlie deprived of their full share of good land. Being a peaceable man at heart and no match for aggressive Uncle Charlie Baker, he finally agreed to a division which left him with the poorest parts of the original sections and a small bit of worthless property in Chicago. Needless to say, he was never very friendly with Uncle Charlie Baker or even Aunt Nell after that. The four heirs rectified this inequity in part some years later.

There was the story that originally Grandfather might have bought land in what is now the Loop area of Chicago, but he chose farm land in Livingston County. He did buy a small piece of Chicago property which early became a slum area and worthless. This is one of those "might have been" situations which challenge the imagination.

Each of Grandfather's heirs inherited farms of about 200 acres each, and these were increased in size at Grandmother's death. One by one, however, these farms, with the exception of Cora's land, have been sold for various reasons. Cora's farm was rather heavily mortgaged at the time she built her Dwight home, as has been noted. This farm is still in Adams family possession, the Charles Baker Adams family, with half of its annual income willed to me for my lifetime, as I have stated in the Cora Eloise Adams section of this Story.

I earnestly desire to make Grandmother Adams a living, vital person as she was in my close association with her for over twenty years. I spent all of my school vacations with Grandmother and Aunt Cora in their spacious home and large yard in Dwight. Grandmother was a remarkable woman as her early history indicated and her later life revealed. She was capable at housekeeping, sewing, cooking, and flower gardening. Her home was kept, not as is sometimes described "nasty clean," but it was powerfully well organized and orderly. She was famed for her pies (especially chocolate), her doughnuts, her popovers, her veal birds. She was a meticulous seamstress, as her quilts and later her bazaar articles gave testimony.

It was a hospitable home, withal, including much company from the east, relatives and friends, and many local gatherings, card parties (Whist and Five Hundred) and Ladies' Aid. Grandmother welcomed all innovations for home improvement and beautification. Early in my memory a coal furnace replaced heating stoves; electric lighting replaced oil lamps; and running water came into the house making a bathroom possible. A vacuum cleaner and electric iron were in early use. Aunt Cora bought an electric automobile about 1905. She had been an avid bicycle rider, a so-called "Bloomer Girl," in her youth, and now she led the social group of Dwight in her electric with its little hanging bud vase for flowers. Grandmother approved and used it too, and I loved it. Home furnishings were always kept in excellent condition. Some of the beautiful old walnut pieces, but not all, I am glad to say, were replaced by modern furniture such as brass beds. Rose patterned Wilton carpet graced the two front rooms and more ordinary ingrain carpet the rest of the ten-room house. There was money to spend in the early part of the twentieth century and Grandmother believed in buying the best in quality and design.

Grandmother was very careful about her appearance. Her house dresses were always carefully starched and ironed. She changed into afternoon dresses regularly. Her Sunday dresses were the last word in material, usually silk, as well as in style for a woman of her age. In later years Grandmother and Aunt Cora had their Sunday dresses made for them by an elite dressmaker in Chicago. Aunt Nell, who was living in affluence at the Chicago Beach Hotel with Uncle Charlie Baker at this time, gave counsel in this dressmaking; her clothes were made in the same establishment. One vivid memory of mine is the arrival of two silk dresses made in Chicago at the cost of \$100 each. Such extravagance was quite beyond my conception, but I was thrilled by the "fanciness" of them. Grandmother had her last picture taken in one of these dresses, and Cora did too, I believe. Grandmother's usual question when I came visiting was, "Olga, do you have a Sunday dress?" If I did not, I was very soon given the material for one. Aunt Jess Bradford always made my clothes.

I knew Grandmother as a proper, conventional individual in homemaking, in dress, and in personal behavior, but she was not a "stuffy" person, never egotistical, and more aptly described as modest. She was not a "joker" herself but did enjoy a good story, had an infectious chuckle and a quiet sense of humor. Although she was a woman of few words, one always knew what her standards were. She was rather a reserved, undemonstrative person but one never questioned the depth and sincerity of her affections, at least I never did. She was quick to respond to anyone in need of help or comfort. She had many close, warm friends in Dwight and a great circle of devoted relatives "back east," meaning Watertown, New York. She and Cora visited there often, in later years, and took me with them in 1901.

There was a very warm relationship between the Adams and Bradford families. Both lived in Dwight in the growing-up years of the children in each family. The Adams family was especially fond of my mother and felt the death of my sister and my mother very deeply. Had my mother not asked that I go to live with the Bradford family, I might well have grown up in the home of either Aunt Nell or Grandmother Adams. Either would have been a fine home, but I am forever thankful for my Bradford upbringing during my school years.

Grandmother Adams' loyalty to the Congregational Church of Dwight and her very full participation in all its activities, business as well as social, were lasting contributions to Dwight. I never heard Grandmother make a speech, even talk out in prayer meeting, but everyone respected her quiet leadership and wise judgments.

Adelaide Eliza Field Adams was a most worthy forebear of all of us who have inherited in our blood streams any of her fortitude, resourcefulness, steadfastness, loyalty, native wisdom and practical skills.

This brings the story of the Adams family from 1849 to the present time as I have known it -- known it from stories of Grandmother Adams and Aunt Cora Adams and later through first-hand knowledge and observations of my own. I have written it primarily for the children of Adelaide and Charles Baker Adams and their children. This is the one on-going branch of our Adams family, and we have no other immediate known Adams relatives.

My story covers five generations of our Adams Family. Perchance in some future generation this story will again be brought up to date.

Olga Adams
Daughter of Herbert Field and
Mary Bradford Adams.

(Written at intervals, 1964-1969)

ROBERT CLINTON ADAMS (m. 1855) ADELAIDE ELIZA FIELD
(1828-1892) (1838-1920)

— Nell Adams (1856-1931) m. 18 Charles (C. M.) Baker (____-1941)

— Adelaide Baker m. 1898 Ranney Hilton

— A son

— Nellama m. (1) Robert Law
(2) Gar Yates

— Edwin Adams (1859-1887) m. 18 Lizzie Baker

— Ethel

— Harry Adams m. Daisy Wilson

— Herbert Field Adams (1861-1926) m. (1) Mary Bradford (1868-1890)

— Olga (1886-)

— Catherine (1887-1890)

m. (2) Bess Huey (____-1947)

— Helen Adams (1894-) m. 1925 John Garber

— Forrest Adams (1896-1954) m. 1942 Lorena Meeds

— Cora Eloise Adams (1869-1952)

— Charles Clinton Adams (1876-1946) m. 1898 Cora Baker (____-1961)

— Charles Baker (Chuck) Adams (1909-) m. 1937 Adelaide Stein

— Charles Clinton (C. C.) Adams (1940-) m. 1962 Ann Moynan

— Kimberly Ann Adams (July 7, 1963-)

— Carey Reid Adams (July 7, 1963-)

— Brett Baker Adams (1966-)

— Cynthia Adams (1945-)